DIES IN FIRE WHILE HOPING FOR SANTA CLAUS

Little Girl Had Written Asking For Doll Brother Was Trying to Earn— Many Accidents Ended.

Boston, Dec. 18.—Just before leaving home Saturday, Mrs. Mary A. Ward, a Brookline widow, living at 11 Washington street, tiptoed into the room where the youngest of her flock was sleeping, and bending over a cot bed in the corner, kissed her 7-year-old daughter, Mary, goo-bye. Then, with a last admonition to her 9-year-old Henry to take good care of his sister while she and her other four boys were at work, she departed. Two hours later the child was dying.

Soon after Mrs. Ward left, Mary awakened and began to speak of Christmas. She asked her brother what he thought Santa Claus would bring them, saying that she had written a letter to Santa Claus telling him she wanted a doll.

Henry had acted as a sort of guardian over his little sister, had cared for her when she was injured by an automobile, when she was kicked by a horse and bitten by a dog and a short time ago when she had fallen and broken her arm. He also knew that Santa Claus might overlook the doll and he determined to earn the money to buy it himself. So, cautioning the child to be good, he started out to make some pennies selling newspapers.

Soon afterward Joseph Newman, passing the house, saw smoke pouring from the windows. He sent in an alarm, and the firemen, upon their arrival, broke down the front door and found Mary writhing on the floor, her clothing a mass of flames. Smothering the blaze in a rug, they summoned Dr. Frederick B. Perey and Dr. Carlton S. Francis, but in spite of their efforts the child died.

Outside of the house all through the morning there were a score of children from St. Mary's parochial school, classmates of the dying girl, tenderly solicitors, who said the sisters had sent them to see if there was anything they could go for the grief-stricken family of their little playmate.

BIGGEST SHELL GAME ON RECORD

25,000 Householders of Thirty-Cent Egg Club Go Without Eggs.

Cleveland, Dec. 18.—The biggest shell game on record was started in Cleveland Saturday when 25,000 householders, members of the Thirty-Cent Egg club, did without eggs for breakfast.

"No more eggs for us," they chorus, "until eggs sell for 30 cents a dozen."

Meantime 100,000 cups of coffee—four to a family—were without the usual egg shell for settling purposes.

Frank S. Krause, president of the club, says he is enthusiastic. The crusade against eggs is planned to last three weeks, by which time it is hoped the hens, as well as the dealers, will see the costly errors of their ways.

TO STUDY PUBLIC LAND LAWS.

Mr. Murray on a House Committee With Baker and Mondell.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Representative Murray of Massachusetts has been appointed one of a sub-commitee of three from the committee on public lands to consider the question of investigating the public land laws of the United States. If the committee decides to go ahead, it is probable that hearings will be held and that every phase of the public land laws, the administration as well as their provisions for sale and leasing of rights, will be taken up. Representatives Baker of California and Mondell of Wyoming complete the subcommittee.

TRACING J. J.'S $1,000 A MONTH

Federal Grand Jury Checking Up Also on the Fees

PAID TO ORTIE McMANIGAL

Show Wreck Photographs—Prosecutor Says Evidence Will Be Available for Local Investigations.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 18.—The $1,000 paid monthly to John J. McNamara as secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers for "organizing purposes," and for which he was not required to give any accounting, was inquired into yesterday by the government officials who are conducting the dynamite investigation before the federal grand jury. The relation of the fund to fees given Ortie F. McManigal, the confessed dynamiter, for his work in blowing up structures erected by non-union workmen was also traced.

From an employe of a livery concern at Muncie, Ind., the investigators learned of McManigal's movement of nitro-glycerine from Albany, Ind., to his storehouse at Muncie. Under the name of J. W. McGraw, McManigal bought 100 quarts of the explosive near Albany. It was delivered to him in a wagon outside the city, driven by him to an empty house at Muncie and there packed in sawdust. He confessed he afterward used some of the nitro-glycerine for explosions at Peoria.

Another point taken up by District Attorney Miller was the purpose by McNamara, according to McManigal, to employ more men so as to have explosions occur on the same day or within the same hour at cities widely separated. J. A. G. Badorf, a detective who worked on this phase of the case and who got scores of photographs of wrecked structures, was before the grand jury.

According to McManigal, J. J. McNamara had explosions occur at Omaha, Neb., and at Columbus, Ind., on the same night. It is in this respect that McNamara is charged by McManigal with having said "I want them to go off about the same time, so they will wonder how the fellow was in Omaha and Columbus the same night."

It has been shown that in the Omaha-Columbus incident, on March 24, 1901, the explosions were carried out by McManigal and J. B. McNamara, the time being arranged by telegrams sent in code to J. J. McNamara in Indianapolis.

Reports have reached Indianapolis of the intention by state authorities to start prosecutions for explosions which have occurred in their localities. These authorities have asked whether evidence now in the hands of the government might be available for county grand jury investigations.

"It is the duty of different jurisdictions to assist each other in prosecuting offenders," said District Attorney Clarence Nichols. "County prosecutors in any state will not have any difficulty in obtaining from the federal authorities any evidence desired, but the evidence will be held by the federal courts until all proceedings in this and other districts have been completed."

WOULD ENJOIN HIM FROM CHURCH GOING

Pecuch "Grins Offensively" and "Struts Out," Pastor Tells the Court.

Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 18.—Declaring that Stephen Pecuch of Minersville sits in the front pew at nearly every service in St. George's Greek Catholic church and grins offensively and disrespectfully at the priest and the worshippers and that he "struts out of the church before the services are completed in an offensive, insolent, disrespectful, belligerent, irreverent and defiant manner, menacing the peace of the congregation," the Rev. Andrew J. Kaminsky petitioned the Schuylkill county court Saturday for an injunction to prevent Pecuch from "entering the church or any part of it."

Sheriff Murphy served the injunction late Saturday afternoon, and the community awaited the outcome.

There has been some opposition shown to the priest. An attempt was made to dynamite his residence, and several suits are pending between him and some of his church people.

NO APOLOGY, SHOOTS FATHER.

Boston Young Man Wounds Parent Who Would Not Retract.

Boston, Dec. 18.—Because his father refused to apologize to him for some trouble which had sprung up between them, Samuel Epstein, the twenty-two-year-old son of Paul Epstein, who conducts a lamp store on Portland street, fired two shots at his father Saturday afternoon. Both bullets lodged in the father's neck, but he is not fatally hurt.

Then turning the revolver on himself the young man fired two more bullets, which lodged in the region of his heart and he may die.

The shooting took place on the ground floor with the elder Epstein standing inside a show case in the rear of the room and his son standing not more than six feet away from him.

The shooting was witnessed by several employes, who were held until the arrival of Chief Dugan, who took stenographic statements and later made an investigation of the case.

PAPER CHANGES HANDS.

Reick Purchases Control of New York Sun.

New York, Dec. 18.—The following statement was made at the offices of the New York Sun Saturday night:

"The Sun to-morrow will announce that the controlling interest in the Sun Printing & Publishing association has been purchased from the estate of William M. Laffan by William C. Reick, who will direct the property in future as president and publisher."

Mr. Reick, the new proprietor, was for several years general manager of The Herald, and lately has been general manager of The Times and president of the Philadelphia Public Ledger company.

TO THE PUBLIC

If cough syrups would cure coughs every time, it would not be necessary for us to print this information, but there are so many cases of chronic bronchitis in town that have hung on for months and years, we feel that we must tell what we know about it.

It is a positive fact that the only right way to treat a cough is to use a remedy that acts on the blood, such as Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron preparation without oil.

This makes the blood rich and pure so it can heal and strengthen the inflamed bronchial tubes. Its taste is so pleasant that even children like it.

Mrs. Olivia Parham, East Durham, N. C., says: "I used Vinol for a cough which had lasted two years, and it gave me perfect satisfaction. I am also giving it to a delicate child to strengthen her. She will not take any other medicine, but Vinol is so pleasant she cries for it, and it is benefiting her very much."

Remember if Vinol does not help you it costs you nothing. Red Cross Pharmacy, Burt H. Wells, Prop., Barre, Vt.

SHOOTS HERSELF WHEN SCORNED.

Woman a Suicide While Telephoning to a Friend.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—While telephoning to FrankB. Cockrell, a Chicago lumber dealer, formerly of Jerseyville, Ill., to reproach him for his refusal to marry her, Mrs. Edna Robinson of Portland, Ore., a guest at the La Salle hotel, shot herself early Saturday and was taken to a hospital in a serious condition. Cockrell, who was at another hotel a block away, heard a shot over the telephone and went at once to the hotel where Mrs. Robinson was found.

The shot also was heard by house Detective Clark, who was passing Mrs. Robinson's room just as she telephoned to Cockrell, and heard her say:

"Listen Frank, listen."

Cockrell told conflicting stories about his acquaintance with Mrs. Robinson and denied that he had been asked to marry her, or had been responsible for her estrangement with her husband, who, he said, is in Portland, Ore. He denied that he was a relative of former Senator Cockrell. Mrs. Robinson said she lived with a sister in Portland and was divorced two years ago.

Psychology and Juries.

Great is the ingenuity of counselors. The attorneys for the meat packers on trial in Chicago sought to learn whether certain veniremen could catch the ticking of a watch or distinguish brown from auburn hair and lo! the wires buzzed out the news that they were applying the Muensterberg test. Lawyer Payne, who put these questions, said afterward that he did not know he was applying the Muensterberg test because he had never heard of it; that in testing a juror's quick intelligence he was only following the rule of common sense. But there were others in the court room who had read Prof. Muensterberg's discussion of the "Inaccuracy of Observation" and they established the identity of the professor's scientific deductions with the attorney's common sense ideas. The lawyers for the Chicago packers are seeking an unusual kind of jury. They want jurors who will follow the testimony closely and who will study the effect of questions upon witnesses; jurors who will catch not only what is said, but also the manner of the saying.

The Chicago experiments suggest the possible danger of introducing into the affairs of practical life psychological tests which are not surrounded by laboratory safeguards of accuracy. Every student of psychology knows that even under laboratory conditions he is likely to get ten different results in ten different trials, no one of which may be normal. Hair that appears to be auburn when seen from one end of a jury box may well appear brown when seen from the other, because of differences of light and shadow. The ticking of a watch which can be heard for a distance of five feet when its face is turned toward the listener may be inaudible when the watch is held at a slightly different angle. In his eagerness to popularize psychology and secure its application in practical life, Prof. Muensterberg has perhaps overstated its possibilities and failed to emphasize the dangers involved in the practice of his tests by crass amateurs. The whole science of psychology is still in swaddling clothes and does not yet rest upon a sufficient basis of established truth to justify its appearance in the court room.—Boston Herald.

Recent Local Option Figures in Vermont

Statistics are not usually very interesting, and often are rather unsatisfactory. But a few facts in reference to the no-license situation in Vermont are worth bearing in mind.

Of the 246 cities and towns in the state, 217 gave a no-license majority at the town meeting last March. Of the twenty-nine voting for license, five were very small towns in which no-license was granted; in one town the vote was not taken on the proper day, so no license could be legally granted, and in one town the license has been taken away. Only twenty-two towns have licensed saloons in actual operation.

In twelve of the twenty-nine license towns the license majority was so small that a change of forty votes from Yes to No, properly distributed, would have put them in the no-license column. The total majority in the state for no-license was 6,905, about 700 less than the year before. But the decrease is more than accounted for by the increased license majorities in the two cities of Burlington and Rutland.

These figures certainly do not make a bad showing and may well give the friends of temperance encouragement to try to make still further progress. There are a few communities in the state in which the license sentiment is strongly in the majority, and which can hardly be expected to go no-license. But such towns are few. In most cases the license majority is due to the fact that many no-license men have not registered their convictions at the ballot box. If the no-license voters of the state would do their full duty, in the towns in which there is no doubt about the result as well as in those where there is a contest, the total majority against the saloon would be much larger than it is. Let us get out the vote. —From Vermont Edition of American Issue.

The Test.

Billy—Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday.

Willie—I bet I did.

Billy—Then why ain't you sick today —Philadelphia Record.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

To clean gas ovens, put a little ammonia in the water.

* * *

The prettiest pillowshams seen are those of fine linen, hemstitched, and sometimes with a square of dainty drawnwork in the center.

* * *

String buttons of same kind on wire hairpin, bend ends together, place in workbox or button box and you will know where to look for them.

* * *

Clean the soiled lace yoke of your frock by rubbing powdered starch into the lace, let it lay for some hours, and then brush out. The starch will absorb the grease and dust.

* * *

If you find it almost impossible to cut citron or candied lemon and orange peel with a sharp knife, put the peel in the hot oven for a minute and to your delight it will become at once as easy to slice as fresh fruit.

* * *

Somebody has suggested the idea of painting the lower cellar step white if your cellar is dark, thereby preventing mishaps and also doing away with feeling for the last step as you go down.

* * *

An oilcloth bag tacked on the pantry door is a convenient receptacle. The bag is made by cutting two pieces of oilcloth the length required. One piece should be four inches narrower than the other. The narrower strip is stitched across the width to the wider strip for three pockets. The two strips are placed flatly together and stitched; then bound all round with braid or tape. The middle pocket should be made wide enough to hold large and small paper bags; the end pockets are intended for corks, strings, etc.

* * *

Quick cake—One scant cup sugar, one full cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, stir these together in the mixing dish. One third of a cupful of soft butter, break into the cup on top of the butter, two eggs, fill the cup with milk; or stir this for an instant, enough to break the eggs and pour the contents of the cup into the flour, sugar and baking powder. Add one teaspoonful vanilla and stir all together for a moment. Then bake in two layers or one large sheet for about 20 minutes to half an hour.

This is an easily made and a light cake. It makes a good dessert by cutting into squares and covering each piece with a generous portion of maple or white sugar boiled frosting.—Washington Herald.

* * *

To Cleanse Quilts.

Silk or sateen covered eiderdown quilts can without difficulty be washed at home. Two things, however, are necessary to perfect success, says the Washington Herald. First, the quilt must be dried out of doors on a sunny, breezy day, and, second, it must be rinsed through several clear, clean waters.

Make a strong suds of a good white soap shaved into boiling water. Add a teaspoonful of household ammonia to every gallon of water, and let the quilt soak for half an hour in a tub half full of water.

Squeeze (don't rub) the dirt out; then change the water, using tepid water for the first rinsing and cold water to which a handful a salt has been added for at least two rinsings. Squeeze the water out and hang between two lines in the bright sun, stretching the quilt as nearly flat as possible. Shake it occasionally during the drying process, and turn over once or twice, so that every bit of down will be dry and fluffy.

The hotter the sun and the greater the breeze the lighter and fluffier the quilt will be when finished.

* * *

Care of the Sick.

If you are caring for an invalid at home, make her room as clean and attractive as possible. There should not be a carpet, but rugs on the floor, so that the floor can be wiped up with a damp cloth. The rugs should be taken out once a week, put on the ground and swept.

Dust the ledges, the shelves, chairs and tables with a damp cloth. Everything in the room should be wiped off once a day.

If you can, get the patient out of the room while it is being cleaned, it is better. If this is impossible, clean it, as quietly and quickly as you can, without worrying the patient.

There should not be too many unnecessary knick-knacks in the room. Have only what is useful or pleasing. Do not have woolen curtains, but some simple cotton material that can be washed often. Have the bed comfortable, a good thick mattress, and a smooth spring.

It is more convenient to have the bed stand one foot from the wall, so that you can go behind, for pulling up your patient in bed, or readjusting the pillows. The bed should be made up freshly each day. If the patient can get up, the mattress should be turned, the sheets cooled and fresh pillow cases, if you can conveniently use so many.

If the patient can't get out of bed, you should twice a day brush out all the crumbs, smooth the sheet so there will be no wrinkles and tidy up the bed and pillows.

The hospitals have an easy way of using a draw sheet. This is a smaller sheet put across the bed over the bottom sheet, and just under the patient. It can be slipped easily and shaken, and the cool side put uppermost.

To do this without moving or lifting your patient, have the sheet in folds, up and down the bed on the right side. Then tilt or turn your patient over to the left side and pass the end of the sheet and some of the folds under her. Next go to the left side of the bed, turn your patient to the right, on the clean sheet and draw the end over to the left side. Now tuck it under the mattress tight, so it will not slip and wrinkle. The sick room should be well aired.

Often the family use the sick room as a general sitting room, so as to "entertain" the ill one. This is unwise in most cases, as sick people should not see too much company. Besides too many people in one room use up the good pure air and make it heavy and unclean. Thus the patient feels drowsy and gets a headache.

If the patient wishes to be kept warm and not feel the air, you can open the door into the next room and the window there. In this way the patient gets fresh, cool air without really feeling it.

At least twice a day you should cover your patient with extra blankets, put a shawl around her head, and open the windows, top and bottom, for five or ten minutes. This allows the room to get filled with fresh, clean, cool air. It will greatly refresh the patient, and give a better night's sleep.—Exchange.

Dorothy Dexter.

WRECKED THE PIANO.

Rubinstein Proved His Ability and Secured His Pass.

When Rubinstein, the composer, was youth he left Russia, his native country, to study music in France and Germany. He finished his studies when he was twenty years old and then returned to St. Petersburg. But before he could begin to give public recitals it was necessary that he should have a pass from the police authorities. It was true he was a Russian subject and a very inoffensive young man, but then he had been absent from his native land some time. He might have imbibed revolutionary ideas when abroad, and it was best not to take any risks, but have him registered and kept under surveillance.

Rubinstein applied to the police for a pass, but, probably because he was shy and mild mannered every official bullied him and gruffly passed him to another official equally rude and overbearing. Finally he became so tired of the indignities that he went to see the governor general. He had just begun to tell his story when that dignitary roared:

"You a musician? Pah! I'll put you in irons and send you to Siberia! That's the only fit place for such as you!"

Rubinstein nearly fainted from fright, but he got away as best he could. The days went by, and still no pass came to him. Some of his friends, however, knew of the treatment he had received. One day Rubinstein was summoned to appear beore the chief of police, General Galichoff. He had to wait three hours. At last he was called into the great man's presence and addressed as follows:

"Well, young man, I have been spoken to about you. I am told that you are some sort of musician, but I don't believe anything of the kind. Go to my chief secretary, Schesnok, and play for him, so that we can tell if you really are a musician—that is, a man who understands music."

All this was said in a contemptuous tone. Rubinstein was taken to the secretary, who was the possessor of the most wretched piano Rubinstein ever had heard, much less played on. He was angry and disgusted, and a thought flashed across him. Here was an opportunity to be revenged for the insults heaped upon him. He would vent his indignation on the piano. And so he did. He pounded and hammered the poor instrument until it seemed to shriek. The discordant notes which came from it, falling upon his delicate ear, served but to increase his rage and frenzy. It was as if a cyclone was at work. String after string snapped, and the unhappy secretary stood by, expecting every minute that his beloved instrument would fly into splinters. At last Rubinstein stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"Come with me," said the secretary. And the pianist followed him into the presence of the chief of police.

"It is true, your excellency," he said. "Rubinstein is a great musician."

"Then give him a pass," replied the general.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE TEREDO.

Curious and Destructive Worm That Digs Tunnels In Wood.

It was in 1731 that Holland narrowly escaped inundation along its coast because the timbers of the sea dikes in many parts were discovered to be quite unsound. The timely discovery of the real condition of the dikes saved the country from an awful catastrophe, the full extent of which was comprehended by only a few Dutchmen.

The timbers had been honeycombed by the teredo, or shipworm. This creature burrows into any wood immersed in sea water. It makes an entrance when young and digs channels along the grain of the wood, living and often dying in the timber. The worm grows in some localities to a length of twelve inches, its girth being one and a half inches, and the curious thing about its whiplike body is its exceeding tenderness. It cannot bear its own weight. It will break if subjected to any strain.

It will burrow straight along the grain of the wood unless turned aside by a knot or nail, and, no matter how many of these worms may be burrowing in the same piece of wood, they never run their channels into one another. By some marvelous instinct they keep clear of each other's preserves. We have seen a cross section of a log eighteen inches in diameter, and we counted no fewer than 800 distinct burrows.—Exchange.

The Good Old Days.

The good old days, the good old days,
When Eve and Adam wooed,
Eve did not yearn for taxicabs
Or want expensive food.
And after they were man and wife
She did not turn her head
And point to some chap passing by,
As one she might have wed.

The good old days, the good old days,
In Eve and Adam's time,
They did not keep a fourth-floor flat
With marble stairs to climb;
He did not have to wake at 5
And quit some pleasant dream,
And toddle to the basement cold
To get a little steam.

The good old days, the good old days,
Of Mother Eve's romance,
She never dragged poor Adam out
At night unto a dance.
No operas Metropolitan
E'er took him from his door,
There were no high brow stunts like that
Good Adam's life to bore.

The good old days, the good old days,
When all the world was young,
Eve never made poor Adam eat
Boiled ham or potted tongue.
They knew not then cold-storage eggs
Or predigested chaff,
The safety razor wasn't known,
Nor was the phonograph.

The good old days, the good old days,
When Eve and Adam dwelt
In peace, he never had to wear
His trousers with a belt;
There was no woollen underwear,
Or e'en a fuzzy-hat,
And Eve was never known to say:
"Am I as fat as that?"

—Detroit Free Press.

SHE KNEW IT ALL

By HELEN WENTWORTH

When Miss Henderson went abroad her friends chaffed her in this wise:

"For mercy's sake, don't come home engaged to one of those stupid fortune hunting noblemen over there. He'll turn out a wife beater and make ducks and drakes with your money."

"Never fear," replied Miss Henderson, "that I shall be taken in, whatever I do. I am twenty-five years old, and a woman of twenty-five knows as much as she is ever going to know. I have cut my wisdom teeth, I assure you."

Miss Henderson did meet a nobleman, an Italian prince. Prince Baronetti was not as well off as some of his countrymen of title, but he was a good fellow and much respected. He fell desperately in love with Miss Henderson. That he was what he purported to be was manifest from the fact that he was a member of the Italian legation at Paris, where he met Miss Henderson. She was not averse to marrying a prince and gave Baronetti considerable encouragement.

However, if she married him it would be without love. The anticipation of being a princess was sufficient to induce her to marry a man she only respected, and the prince had great hopes of winning her. She told him that she was going to Rome and while there she would write him her acceptance or declination of his proposition.

"You will not marry me for love," said the prince gloomily.

"Why do you say that?"

"When a woman loves a suitor she will engage herself to him first and look into his affairs and his standing afterward. You are going to Rome to look into mine. If you find them satisfactory you will accept me; if not you will reject me."

Since this was the case Miss Henderson's denial was not very effective. However, she carried out her resolution and, finding the prince's status satisfactory in every particular, wrote him that she would marry him. Later she returned to Paris, where the two made their plans for their united future. Miss Henderson was to return to America, and the prince was to follow her in the spring. After their marriage he was to resign from the diplomatic service and stand for the Italian parliament.

When Miss Henderson bade goodby to her fiance it was with no especial regret on her part. But she was pleased with having secured a title and one of such high degree. She had taken pains to learn all about Baronetti and, remembering what her friends had said about marrying a stupid fortune hunting nobleman, thought how she would triumph over them in announcing her betrothal to a prince.

She had not long been on the ocean before the words of Baronetti that a woman in love engages herself first and looks up her lover's standing afterward occurred to her. On the steamer was Viscount Clarence Cheasley, an English nobleman, who, seeing her on deck the day after the vessel sailed, took such a violent fancy to her that he lost no time in securing a presentation. He was a handsome man and evidently a genuine British nobleman. Miss Henderson's brother had been a great deal in England, and she had often heard him speak of Cheasley. Mentioning the fact to the viscount, he said at once:

"Bob Henderson. I know him well. The last meeting we had in England was at the Ascot races. I remember it very well, since I borrowed a hundred pounds of him to back the favorite. I won, and we had a champagne supper in the evening to celebrate the event."

Miss Henderson was much pleased that her brother should have been so honored.

It was an eight day trip, short, but long enough for Miss Henderson to forget her Italian lover and give her heart to Cheasley. He proposed to her. She gave him an evasive answer, intending to write Baronetti that she had decided that she could not love him and must break the engagement.

Upon the arrival of the steamer Cheasley saw Miss Henderson to her carriage. He told her that he would not be able to visit her for a week or two, since he was going to Ottawa to see his especial friend, the governor general of Canada. The viscount was looking about him nervously and just before he closed the door handed the lady a gold headed cane, saying:

"Give that to Bob, with my compliments, and tell him I'll see him soon."

Miss Henderson was driven off, but the carriage was stopped at the end of the dock. A custom house officer opened the door and said:

"I'll trouble you for that cane."

Astonished, Miss Henderson gave it to him. He shook it and, hearing something rattle within, unscrewed the head and poured out a handful of diamonds.

"That cane, miss," he said, "was given you by Billy Mudge, one of the sharpest diamond smugglers in England or America. We were telegraphed that he was coming and have been on the lookout for him."

"He is Viscount Cheasley," gasped Miss Henderson, "and knows my brother."

"He was a tenant on the Cheasley estates and may have met your brother, but not as an equal."

Miss Henderson never mentioned this episode and is now Princess Baronetti.